

Crimson flame bursts out of my body, burning all, it touches and turning it to ash, its strange brilliance encompassing my room fire licks at my face as a shriek escape from my mouth.

I spring up in panic, sweat pouring rapidly from my brow; my body has always been heated. I pull the sheet of my body quickly, loving the sharp cold air coming from my window. I press my-bare foot against the cool floor enjoying the shiver it sends up my spine my satin nightgown falling loosely to the floor it's botanical prints dance presently across my legs as I step closer to my window mum said she doesn't fancy the window stating it's too big perverts and other unsavory folks might be peeping through but I don't mind it much I enjoy the cool air even through the thick curtains mum bought I can see the streetlights flashing